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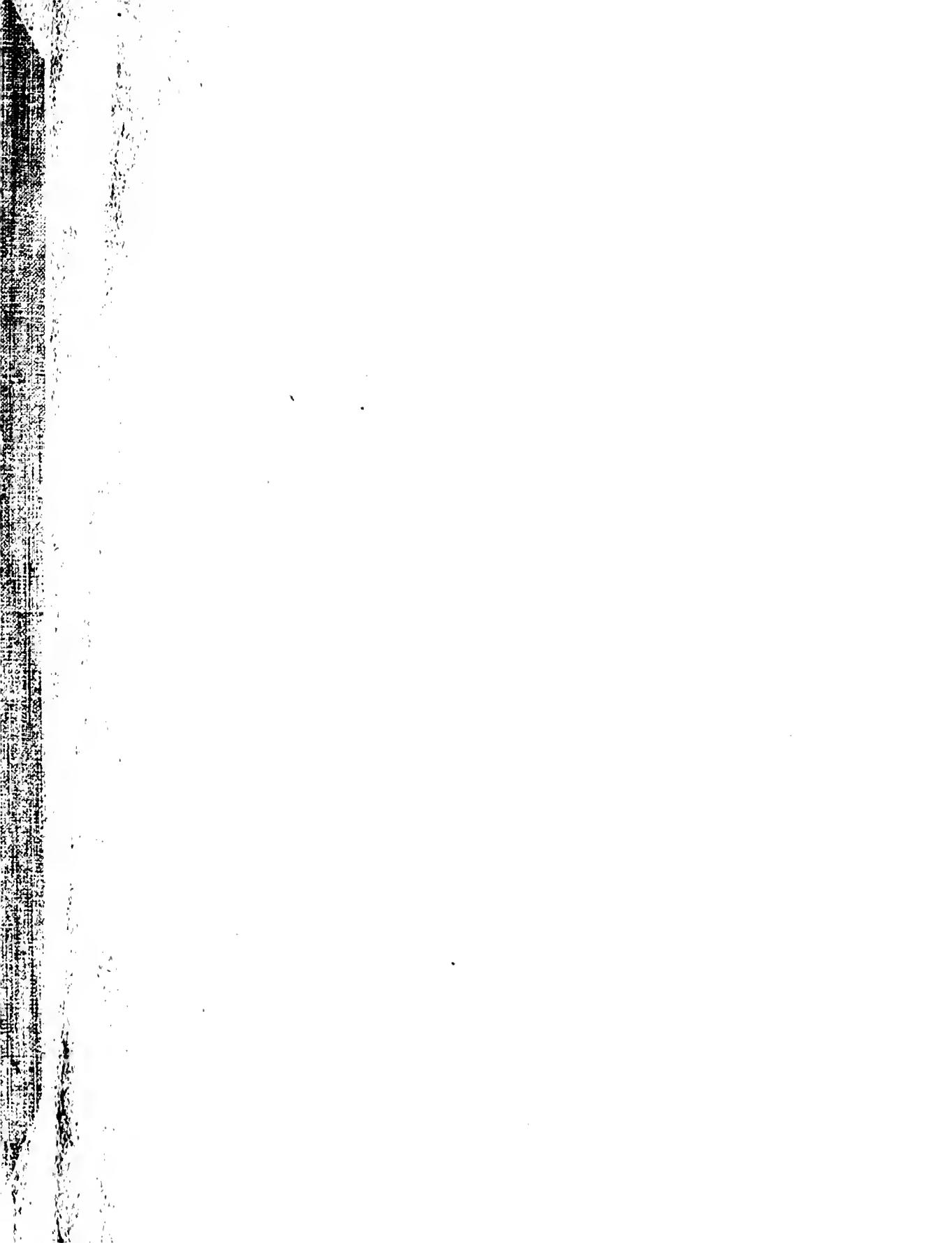
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FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
ENDOWMENT FUND





DEDICATED TO THE GLORIOUS SIXTY-FIVE,

A

Grand Solemn Dirge,

IN THE

High Burlesque Tragi-comic Taste,

Performed at the FUNERAL

OF

OLD ENGLISH LIBERTY,

On the SAME DAY as

The Definitive Treaty of Peace

WAS SIGNED BETWIXT

France, Spain, and Great-Britain.

By H. HOWARD.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by J. WILLIAMS, opposite St. Dunstan's
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(5)

A

GRAND SOLEMN DIRGE,

IN THE

High Burlesque Tragi-comic Taste.

FIRST RECITATIVE.

By Mr. Bawldon, *To the Bladder and String.*



ONCE FORTH no English Brow shall smile,
She's gone ! --- The Darling of our Isle !

Struck to the Heart ;
With Grief and Smart ;

Woe ! Woe !

Ah ! Oh !

Weep, wail !

Cry, rail !

Rave, swear,

Stamp, stare !

Nothing remains, but black Despair !

A I R.

By Mr. Black-Beard, the Black-Smith, To the Anvil and Hammer.

(Tune, *By the Side of a Great Kitchen Fire.*)

When the Tax on the Porter was laid,
 I thought they had something in View
 Some Scheme on our Strength and our Trade,
 For since I've had nothing to do ;
 Each Night I could call for my Quart,
 For *Thrums* have a Tankard of Porter,
 But the *Halfpenny* breaks my poor Heart,
 And the Beer is no better than Water.

D U E T T A.

By Miss Rent and Miss Shriller, (Two Milk Girls)

To the Rattling of their Pails.

(Tune, *The Attic Fire.*)

Come all ye brave that fought and bled,
 Your darling Liberty is dead,
 By cruel Hands she fell ;
 The lovely Fair, alas ! no more
 Shall smile on poor Britannia's Shore ;---
 O Grief too great to tell !

(7)

R E C I T A T I V E.

By Mr. Wags-p, Stinger and Singer, To the Drone of a Bagpipe.

Pox take 'em, for their damn'd Ill-nature,
I'll fling 'em home, with flinging Satire.

A I R. (*Accompanied with the Tongs and Fire-Shovel.*)

(Tune, *Eritens, strike home.*)

Eritens, sneak home,
Sneak home,
Sneak home,
Your Liberty's gone,
Hark ! Hark to her Knell !
Hark ! Hark to her Knell !
Ding, Dong, Bell.
D. a Capo.

D U E T T A.

By Messrs. Savage and Mad-Ox, Butchers, To the Marrow-bones and Cleavers.

(Tune, *As I was a driving my Waggon one Day.*)

The Devil take all their damn'd scheming, I say,
They've murder'd poor Liberty --- Rot 'em, I pray ;
They *butcher'd* her vilely, and *mangled* her sore,
And made themselves drunk with the poor Creature's Gore.

C H O R U S.

Ah, poor Liberty ! Old English Liberty !
Genius of England, adieu !

R E C I T A T I V E and A I R.

*By Mr. Shambleſs, the Trunk-Maker, To the Rumbling of Carts,
Coaches, and Broad-wheel Waggonſ.*

Oh! I could tear their Housſes down;
Aye that I would for Half a Crown;
I'd make 'em start, and stare, and wonder,
To hear my Stentorific Thunder!

A I R.

(Tune, *Cover me with Ice and Snow.*)

Ah it is a fatal Blow,
And a dismal Overthrow ;
Never was a Scene of Woe,
Like what we undergo.

D U E T T A.

By Mr. Shagger, and Miss Put-here, Quearifſs.

(Accompanied by the Hurdy-Gurdy.)

(Tune, *In Infancy our Hopes, &c.*)

When fair Success began to smile,
And spread her chearing Rays ;
Each Hero valu'd not the Spoil,
But fought in Hopes of Bays :
Yet Victory was all in vain,
('Twas juſt like Childrens' Play)
The S---t- -ſh Friends of France and Spain,
Have giv'n it all away.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*By Mr. Low, the Highwayman.**

(Accompanied with the Clinking of Fetters.)

Shall Villains kill or rob in State,
 And fordid seek their Country's Fate,
 Because forsooth they're rich and great ? }
 While such as I are hang'd in Air,
 For *only* putting Folks in Fear !

A T R.

(Tune, Since Laws were made for ev'ry Degree.

If Rascals were punish'd of ev'ry Degree,
 For robbing their Country, or taking a Fee,
 What a Heap of S----h Faces we daily should see,
 Under Tyburn Tree ?

But Favour can take out the Stain from a Coat,
 E'en the Blood of a King who was sold for a Groat;
 For that they will say was a trifling Fault ; ---
 But d----n their Plea.

* Macbeth.

C

R E -

R E C I T A T I V E.

By Mrs. Vixen-t, (Termagant.)

To the Clack of a Mill.

Like to the Clack of this same Mill,
 They ne'er shall make my Tongue lye still ;
 May Rage and Clamour never ceaſe
 To make a *Noife* about the *Peace*.

A I R.

(Tune, *Harvest-Home.*)

Come *Nelly* and *Moll*,
 Come *Susan* and *Doll*,
 Each Termagant raise up your Voice :
 Let us rave, let us squall,
 Let us bellow and bawl,
 And make a moſt damnable Noife.

C H O R U S.

No *Peace* ſhall there be,
 For them nor for me,
 So let's have a *damnable Noife* !
Damnable Noife !
Damnable Noife !
 So let's have a *damnable Noife* !

RECITATIVE.

By Mr. Quaker, the singing Baker, and Mr. Legg-it.

By all the Gods I'll make 'em *shake*!
 Their Lips to *quaver* and to *quake*!
 I'll shew myself a Subject true:
 Ha, Master *Legg-it*, What say you?

Mr. Legg-it.

As long as I've a *Leg* to stand on,
 I never will the Cause abandon.

A M B O.

(Tune, *With Swords on their Thighs.*)

To Liberty raise up the high cheerful Strain,
 We ne'er can forget, tho' we can't her regain,
 How charming she look'd with her Shield and her Spear!
 A Friend to the Stranger, a Stranger to Fear.

Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE and AIR.



By Miss Cat-ly, and Miss Squallam.

(Accompanied by the Cat-Organ,)

Ye catterwauling Tribe each Night,
Disturb their Slumber, wake 'em quite :
Your *Bass* and *Treble* Pipes prepare,
And harrow up their Souls with Fear.

A I R.

(Tune, *Mingotti's Minuet.*)

Strait with bawling !
Squealing, squalling !
Ne'er your hellish Music cease :
With eternal
Strains infernal !
Tell 'em they shall have no *Peace*.

Da Capo.

GRAND CHORUS, accompanied by the whole Band.

No *Peace* shall there be,
For them nor for me,
So let's have a damnable Noise :
Darnable Noise!
Darnable Noise!
So let's have a darnable Noise.

Da Capo.

I N I S.



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